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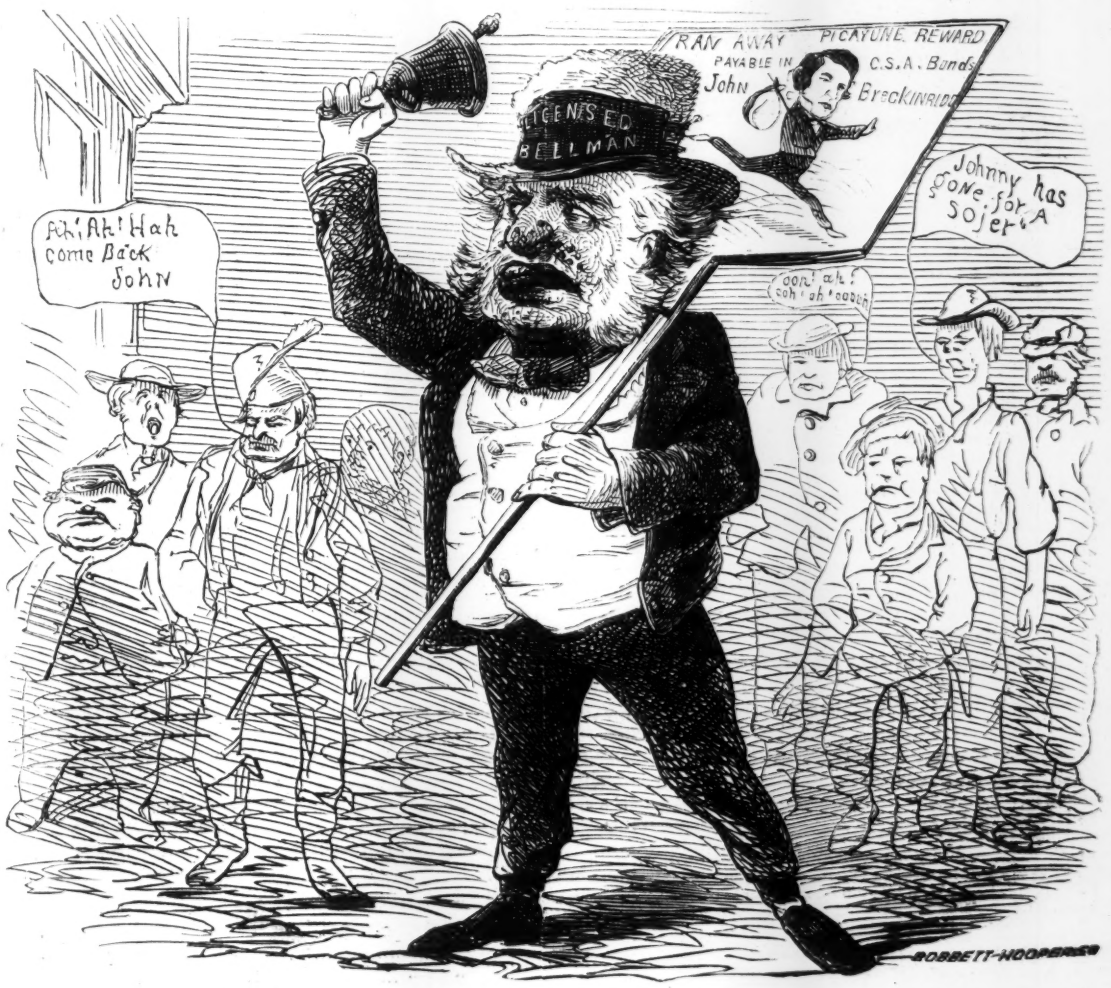
VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

OCTOBER 5,

1861.



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July 29, 1850.

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From Louis Agassis, L.L. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectations in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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MRS. ROSS STILL AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

EPISTLE 12TH.

PHILADELPHIA, September 21st, 1861.

MR. VANITY :—Seein and hearin of so many things this war hes spilt and put a stop ter, brung a story that my Uncle SAUL told me when I was a little gal, fresh inter my mind. Jest arter the war of 1812 he was a travelin through Varmount ter Canida on hos-back. Hed rid all day and hadent cum agin a human habitation, and he was cleen tuckerd out; when he see a lite a flickerin through the woods, he kep his eye on the lite and rid on til he cum ter a burnt piece, and theyr was a house, fair and square afore him. He lited and hitched his hos, and raped ter the door, and a woman cum ter the door and bid him welcum. Theyr want a pair of stairs nor partician in the hul buildin, ony what was made of coverlids and bed-spreds. The chimney was rite in the centre of the buildin, a rousin fire of hickery logs was a burnin in the fireplace, which was a big one you better believe, for it run half across the house. Theyr was four rosey happy boys (none on um seven year old,) a settin in the corner watchin a kittle of bean porrage, that was warmin in the pot that hung on the crain. The good woman sed her man want around home, jest then, and gin my uncle a lantern ter put up his hos, and he went. And when he got back inter the house, she hed all the boys a settin on the floor with a two galon wooden bowl filled with porrage settin betwixt um, and they were eatin away for dear life. He took a seat in the chimbly corner, and sot and tosted himseff, and the woman went ter work a gittin him some supper. Theyr was a litter of pups up in one corner of the room in a basket, and one on um as black as a coal, and smarter than the rest jumpt out on the basket and wanted ter jine the boys mess. The bigest boy patted the pup, and sed poor nigger should have some supper and gin him a sup out of his spoon. The youngest boys sed in one voice, nigger should wait til they was done he shoodent hev another sup. But nigger want agonter be put off, he stuck his nose in betwixt um, and they pushed him back; when he cum agin and one on um gin him a sound dab on his head with his spoon. With that the biggist boy was as mad as a march hair, and he ketched up nigger, and

soused him head and heels inter the porrage, when the little one yeld out ter the top of his voice, mother! mother! TOM'S a rebel, kos he coodent hev his way hes spilt the supper for the hul on us.

So you hev got the story jest as it cum from my Uncle SAUL'S lips, forty year ago. Mr. VANITY, I was up at cock crow this mornin, ter write ter you; fur that matter its cock crow all night here; for right in front of my chamber winder theyrs a hen yard, and a cock among um that makes noys enough ter be relation ter the one that crowd ter PETER. Wal, Ive bin ter the mint. And I see gold and silver, jest as it was dug out of the arth. I see it in the bar, and in the cuttin mill, and in the stampin mill, and I see the women a countin it out, and puttin it inter bags for market. I lookd in wonder, sich an aunt heap sed I of human kind, all tendin theyr parts of the business and nothin else. Ef all this nation hed been as industrious as this set be, we should hev kept us out of war and fitin. Fokes that cungered out sich machines as these be, all a workin as smooth as ile could make um, never cungered for the devil.

Wal, I bowd ter the fokes all round and thanked them for theyr politeness ter me. (Thank the Lord I larnt in my younger days, that fokes hed ter dress accordin ter theyr work; and here it was rite afore me, durty hands make clean money.) Wal, we went up stairs inter a room; the fust thing the tendin man wanted was, fur me ter write my name in his book. I lookd him over, see he was all right, and I put my name down amongst a thousand others. Ef I do say it, a lot on um hadent rit any better. SAMUEL dashed off his name for all the world like his old great gransire. SAMUEL as I sed afore is blood, and Ime proud on him.

Wal, sich a room as this was. Here was the scails of just weight sanctioned by Gineral WASHINGTON. They was as bright as silver. Sed I, wo be ter the man that is tried by sich scails, and found wantin. Wal, theyr was the widders mite in a glass case, along with a thousand pieces of money, which had been scared up from Boston ter Jerico, and all the places betwixt theyr. Wal, we walked inter the next room which was pictured all around the hul wall with the Presidents of the mint, from the day twas started; and sich an honest set of men as theyr picters made um out ter be, was raly worth travelin ten miles ter look on um. But when I see the case of medals of gold and silver, that has been gin ter this nation by all the furrin powers on this round world for the honner they held us in, a real heart sickness cum over me. I must say I growned in spirit, ter think the way we was a standin now. I lookd ter Gineral WASHINGTON'S picter and as true as Ime a livin mortal I raly thought I see tears in his blessed eyes, and a quiverin of his chin. And ef theyr want in hisson theyr was in mine, and I aint ashamed ter own toot.

I turned ter SAMUEL, sed I my boy, I must raly go,—sed the little patriot, granmother I could stay hear a hul month. I dident know til jest now that America was thought so much on. Why granmother! It makes me wish I was a man; Ide do my best ter save the flag. And sich a look as he gin, showd he was no rebel. We walked down stairs inter the street and theyr was a car; on it was rit Geraff Colledge. And nothin ter do but we must go. So we got inter the car, and we was out theyr ter the gate in no time, and when we got inter the house the boy wanted our names, we rit um in his book, then we was told visitors was not alowd ony ter go out on the ruff, and walk around on the grounds. SAMUEL was dreadfully worked up, hed told me all about the Colledge,—and about the close that belonged ter Mr. GERAFF bein all put in a glass case. And how nice the boys lookd and sich,—and long cum a woman ter take her friend over the Colledge, and ef she want huffy when the boy sed she coodent go over it, no critter never was, she was a gonter put the committy in the newspaper, twas an imposition—she'd cum all the way from New Jersey. Sed I, Ive cum farder than that, and Ime disapinted the wust in the world, but I anter gonter get riled up about it. I spose the committy has been imposed upon by marawders, and they hed ter shet down theyr gates. Laws are for roges and intruders, and good people hev ter suffer for rebels. She shet up and gin me a look, as much as ef ter say I don't care ter hear your preachin nor your argement.

Wal, I see the image of Mr. GERAFF as large as life, and his sepelcre where his body was laid. Sed I ter myself, I shood rather be laid under a shady tree close ter the Andruscoggin River, and hev the consolation ter know that every drop of water that passed my narrer bed hed ter be drawd up ter heaven by the warm sun afore it could pass that way agin. The awful eco that the footsteps of every mortal critter makes, and that unarthly sound of the human voice, and his body bein took theyr altergether sent a kind of a creepin feelin over me. I should keep clear of walkin around theyr of a dark night; tho I don't beleve a speck in sperits, and witches. It's breakfast time and I must close.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—I suppose I orter tell ye how the boys come out. My uncle sed, theyr mother kept her countenance til she got him all fixed down ter his supper, and then she walked up ter TOM, and took him by the ear and gineraled him off behind the curtain and told him ter bunk down ter sleep, he shoodent hev a speck of supper. Theyr want a word come out of his head, and when my

Arabella, (who adores the defenders of our Union.)—Oh! Augustus, how eloquently Col. de Shann describes the action at Bull-Run, and with what modesty he speaks of himself on that occasion. Oh, how I *do* wish you were a major—or Captain—or—or something 'nice.'"

This is our Opinion.

The Louisville *Democrat*, in a brilliant leader, pathetically enquires, "Can any good come out of Louisiana?" If there is any good in that state it will come out of it forever, at the first opportunity.

How is this?

M. Michelét, in his "Love," speaking of the eye, says—"The eye, like the heart, is embellished by suffering." Then the optic which suffers from a Heenan punch must be the very acme of beauty!

Bull Run, again.

The *Tribune*, a few days since, had as a caption to an editorial "The Bull Run affair abroad." V. F. wishes, in all seriousness, that it had been abroad rather than with us

A Dear Change.

From being a nation under the rule of an old Buck, the South is now reduced to a Stagnation.

Probably.

The Land Warrants of the Rebel Soldiers at the expiration of their term of service will probably be issued by the Sheriff.

Cry from Western Rebeldom.

We want free trade, free speech, free whishey, free everything, except Fremont.

Very likely to Run.

Albert Pike's regiment of Creeks.

uncle got through and sot back ter the fire, she put tother three boys around the table and gin um a *treet* of wheat flour, short cake, and bacon sop. And my uncle sed they dident open theyr lips but theyr eyes shined like glass beeds ter think they'd got the victory. And nigger went back ter his basket, and his mother laped him as quiet as a kitten.

Yours.

M. R.

AN ADVANTAGE.

The following paragraph appeared among the despatches from St. Louis on the 25th:

"Military men here do not regard the capture of Lexington as injurious, but in a mere military point of view, think it an advantage to us."

We are glad to be thus authentically informed that the annihilation of Mulligan's army, the capture of a loyal town, and the cleaning out of two banks by which the rebels gain full possession of a million or so of ready money—is "an advantage to us." Unless the military men at St. Louis had telegraphed this fact to us we probably should never have known it. Mulligan and his men are floored, a splendid strategic point is lost, the Union sentiment in that part of Missouri receives a fearful shock, the purses of the rebels become plethoric with Union gold—no matter! It is "an advantage to us." Citizens! listen to the military men at St. Louis, and be calm. Be contented, be happy.

For don't you see that the fall of Lexington was a brilliant manœuvre on the part of the military men at St. Louis? They sagaciously planned the defence, knowing that the town would fall and "an advantage" be gained to the Government. That is why they serenely drank the pacific cocktail in St. Louis instead of flying to the aid of Mulligan, who had neither cocktails nor water.

"We may be happy yet!"

Quite at Home.

A. Pike among the Creeks.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER CONTRIBUTOR.

One of our sensation weeklies announces, in flaming posters all over the city, that it is now publishing a "thrilling tale" entitled

"The Bride of the Bay; or the Warning Light. By a Patriot of 1812."

This idea of wrapping one's contributors up in the American Flag is, it strikes us, one of extreme felicity. How palpitating in interest the plot invented by one of our country's brave defenders! How admirably drawn the characters of him who erst subjected himself to being jabbed in sensitive parts of his person by the bayonets of a hireling foe!

Fully impressed with the justice of these reflections, and firm in its determination not to be outdone by any sensation weekly whatever, Vanity Fair has made arrangements for the immediate production of

A Series of Superior Jokes with New Scenic Effects never before attempted on any Stage; by the sole-remaining survivor of 12,

together with

A Choice Lot of Epigrams altered to suit the Times; by a Hero of Buena Vista,

and

Some Humorous Sallies, Squirts, etc., on the Present War; by a Man who might have been at Bull Run if he had not obtained a Furlough three days before to go home to attend to a little matter of business, which, but for his personal supervision would have resulted in the total ruin of Sparks, Jones & Co., but who still has a very accurate idea of the battle.

Notwithstanding these added attractions the price of Vanity Fair will continue to be Six Cents, and Newsmen throughout the country will not hesitate to furnish it freely at that rate to all who may desire.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

IDIOTIC imbecility on the subject of weapons is the only tenable plea for those military advisers who have suffered the cobwebs of oblivion to gather upon the once famous bow and arrow. To "hang up the fiddle and the bow" appeared to them, probably, in general orders, tied up with red tape; and as that is about the worst of all materials for a string to a bow, military authorities may have been justified, in some measure—a tape measure, in fact—for abolishing the latter. A good thing it would be, for the service, were certain of our modern military authorities directed to carry out the first part of the order referred to, by "hanging up their fiddles," and retiring into private life.

The revival of the bow and arrow appears to us to be fast becoming a necessity of modern warfare.

In the first place, because picket-shooting has already become that; and so important a branch of the service could be much more effectually performed with the bow and arrow than with the rifle, which tells tales, and disturbs with its unseemly noise the poor tired sentries enjoying the sleep of virtue on their posts.

Then, beeause the adoption of the bow and arrow would put an end to tiresome discussion about the shape of the bullet and the calibre of the rifle, which is fast becoming a great bore.

Also, on account of the cheapness of material.

An old proverb says:

"Where ashes growe,
Bespeke thy bowe."

Ashes are to be found "growing" in front of every house in New York.

Likewise, because the terror inspired by the manifest arrow is greater than the fear of the unseen bullet. A small bundle of arrows will make one quiver.

Further, because the bow-string is a capital application for insuring silence, and might be very effectively exhibited in the case of certain blabbing members of the press. Thus might the arch-demon of mischief be thoroughly suppressed by an archer.

Besides, the bowman is the only kind of man left for a last novelty in the way of arms and costume. All else has been done; from the Zou-Zou Fireman to the Calcium Light infantry man—the former fighting in his hose, the latter just outside his glows. For a new name in our surfeiting army nomenclature, what now, could be finer than "The National Sbirri?" And, as the Confederate rebels have already enlisted the wild Choctaw and his sympathies on their side, it might be well for the Federal Government to avail itself discreetly of the North-western savage, by raising a brigade of mounted bowmen from among the buffalo hunters of the plains. Another Bull Run would thus be provided against, and the only Bolt would be that shot from the bow of the archer, whose motto might be:

"Let your BEAUREGARD
Our Bow Regard."

These are not the views of an arrow-minded bigot.

Rumored Separation of General Fremont from his wife.

It is currently reported and believed that General FREMONT intends to give the rebels "Jessie."

[This was constructed before MULLIGAN'S surrender.—ED. V. F.]

THE LITTLE ZOUAVE.

"One little stocky fellow in the Fire Regiment killed thirteen men in thirteen shots. He was afterward killed himself."—[*Daily Paper.*]

I.

'Twas a little Zouave, of the fireman sort,
His face powder-blackened, his hair shingled short,
His brawny chest naked, his eyes flashing flame,
As over the red field of battle he came,
Then c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And the great rebel army was lessened by one.

II.

The batteries thundered, the cannon-balls flew,
The smoke and the dust hid the soldiers from view,
But whenever the cloud lifted up, you might scan
The little Zouave taking aim at his man.
Then c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And put a quietus to some rebel's fun.

III.

The day was a scorcher, the men were athirst,
And the little Zouave often fluently cursed,
But still he pressed on among shrapnel and shell
And each time he fired, an enemy fell;
For c-r-r-rack went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And every shot told, on the dead-list for one.

IV.

The rebels, astonished, remarked, now and then,
"Them red-legged devils fight wuss'n' our men,"
For they saw that no rebel and traitor could have
One-quarter the pluck of the little Zouave;
So c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
Making holes in the rascals, to let in the sun.

V.

Still forward, bare-breasted and sp'iling for fight,
The little Zouave battled well for the Right,
Perhaps it was lucky he never could know
How our army received a repulse from the foe,
For, as c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
A minié-ball came, and the Zouave was done!

VI.

There, prone on the field of his prowess he lay,
In the last fading light of the lingering day;
The wound in his forehead was ghastly to see,
But the little Zouave had done gloriously!
And his merciless gun,
On the shores of Bull Run,
Had settled the hash of a dozen and one!

This is Rather Odd.

Whilst awaiting exciting news from the war districts, let us ponder upon this somewhat vague and unsatisfactory announcement, quoted from a recent *Herald:*

A GENTLEMAN ONLY.—To let at —— Broadway, a very nice apartment, with all the modern improvements.

Who is he? "Modern improvements." Then he has gas, baths, hot and cold, and speaking tubes about his person, or premises. When, we wonder, and how did this "Gentleman Only" happen to turn into this "very nice apartment?" Is he a second floor front, or two pair back? We fear he is a Gentleman in name ONLY, and that is all. Alas! why must he be let? At least, can he not have accorded him the sole privilege demanded by that grossly abused section, the Confederate States, to wit: that of being "Let Alone?"

Pepper and Salt.

Picket Fighting on Salt River.

Slow Coaches.

The "hacks" of the Press.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

THE WAY IN WHICH CHARLES AUGUSTUS DOES THE WATERING PLACES THIS SEASON

A NEW COTTON ECLOGUE

Melibœus—MR. JOHN BULL PUNCH.—*Tityrus*—MR. JONATHAN.

BULL PUNCH.

"Did you ever imagine me lending you money?
Well, of all Yankee notions that's far the most funny;
Lend you money!—for what when the loan you have gotten?
Why to throw it away in withholding my cotton!"

MR. JONATHAN.

It happens, my JOHN, you're a little before us.
'Twill be time to refuse, when we ask, Mr. TAURUS!
But it chances just now, O my King of Horned Cattle,
That we've plenty of cash for the brunt of the battle!

BULL PUNCH.

"Fortune favors the brave, and your courage is known,
Notwithstanding Bull's Run: but rare fortune alone
Can afford you success in this maddest of wars
You've no visible chance to regain your lost sugars."

MR. JONATHAN.

Fortune favors the brave! ah! you found it was true—
As for instance at Orleans—at Bunker Hill too
And you saw it confirmed when the Sepoys abhorr'd,
Sent your women to shame, and your men to the sword.

BULL PUNCH.

"You'll spend all you borrow in powder and shell,
And then have to show for it—nothing at all.
What dividends, pray, are you like to declare
On the debt you'll have sunk and blown into the air?"

MR. JONATHAN.

Sweet economist, hail! that for powder and shot,
Have spent in your life-time nor tittle nor jot
Enquire at the Bank! they will tell you, my friend!
That they never, O never! were forc'd to suspend.

BULL PUNCH.

"Why, you know that you'd not stand the slightest taxation
That you could get rid of by Repudiation,
Though of value received in the fullest fruition,
Not paying for that which has gone to perdition."

MR. JONATHAN.

We know what *you'll* stand, O my patient J. B.!
Long ago it was proved to a sure Q. E. D.,—
Taxed houses, taxed pastures, taxed beer and taxed bread,
Taxed roofs for the living—taxed graves for the dead!

BULL PUNCH.

"The cost of your war you expect to defray
By an Income-Tax, do you, and that who will pay?
So keen and so smart in all matters of pelf,
To think of a Yankee assessing himself!"

MR. JONATHAN.

'Twill be time enough, JOHN, when you pay your own debts,
To bother your brains about Yankee assets;
And before you instruct us in honesty's law,
Think of SADLIER, and ROBSON, and REDPATH, and WAUGH!

BULL PUNCH.

"I know I am rather a sordid old screw,
Lending money I care not what for or whom to,
So the party is solvent, but that is, with JOHN,
A point indispensable—*sine qua non*."

MR. JONATHAN.

I know it's your habit to do what you please—
Sell coolies to planters and drugs to Chinese:
And I know that in India—if BURKE we believe in,
Our CLIVE, and the HASTINGS were noted for thieving.

BULL PUNCH.

"But, hang it, though cash I may lend to the deuce,
If secure of investment, regardless of use,
When the object is evil, and hopeless the gain,
I should be, if I so misemployed it, insane."

MR. JONATHAN.

Turn pirate! turn smuggler! O beautiful JOHN!
Stain with blood the white garments your daughters put on!—
Your daughters, the Exeter Hall Ladies of Feeling,
Who'll weep for the niggers, and wink at the stealing.

BULL PUNCH.

"Last of all, to abuse me, malign, and decry,
And threaten to whip and to rob by-and-by,
Is not quite the right way, not the language and tone,
To get out of me an American Loan."

MR. JONATHAN.

Last of all, say a little, BULL PUNCH, as you can
Of our African brothers—our vendues of man!
We admit that in *bodies* we havn't been nice;
But your *soul's* in the market, and cotton's its price!

A Question for the Benevolent.

When a pirate says he is unprepared to pay the debt of nature is it right to give him a neck's tension?

Good for those who are Stone Blind.

The "Pebble Spectacles."

THE THREE BELDAMS.

Herald.—Posters of the Sea and Land
We three travel hand in hand;

Tribune.—Of each secret expedition
Letting out the sealed commission;

Times.—So that nothing private here
May vex the rebel privateer.

All.—Double, double—nay, we treble
Aid and comfort for the rebel!

THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

Your true knight of the long-bow . . . the most admirable liar of modern days . . . is the man who writes letters from New York to newspapers elsewhere. All other falsifiers quail before him, and hide the heads of their diminished dissimulation. Compared with the splendid recklessness of this giant liar, MUNCHAUSEN and MCARONE sink into insignificance, and the truth itself becomes a very dubious sort of thing.

As a general custom letters from New York are written . . . like the *Tribune's* Charleston and Richmond letters . . . in the back office of the journal in which they appear; but this fact can in no way account for, or palliate the enormity of untruthfulness to which the writers attain.

We have lately discovered a very perfect specimen of the New York letter, in a London paper called the *Standard*. Of course it is all about the War, and of course it was written by a person who never saw this country, and of course it is compiled from our daily newspapers, and of course it is as full of lies as Jersey is of sand.

This curious document is dated "New York," but the following naïve statement sets at rest any suspicion the reader may have indulged, of its being from America:

"You may rely upon two facts—although no journal dare say what the army is doing, yet you may be assured that the army of the West, under MCCLELLAN, and of the East, under FREMONT, were never so large as to-day, or in a better state to do battle."

After this kind exchange of location for the two generals, our gentle dissimulator quietly ignores the battle of Bull Run with all its horrors, and prophesies with a saving clause:

"There has been no battle of any consequence, nor will there be. Should I be wrong in this supposition every battle won by the Southern rebels is so much the worse for them."

We hesitate to give his next absurdity, for it is a villainous one, and can only be admitted here to show the length to which the dirty little scrivener can go with his wickedness. As a specimen of British manliness, it will pass:

"General SCOTT is now completely shelved. He would be ordered out of Washington only SEWARD finds his name useful to decoy green officers into his power. SCOTT is killed off. From the battle of Lundy's-lane, in 1812, until now, his vanity has ruined him. After the Bull Run affair the President asked of Senator BAKER, of Oregon, "How can I kill off old SCOTT?"—"Stick a red feather behind him, and he will strut himself to death," was the reply. This is now being done."

What a pleasure it should be to this correspondent to be kicked by a decent man!

The idea he evidently has, concerning wild life in the backwoods of New York city, is thus vividly expressed:

"Every person who arrives at this port, in steamers or sailing vessels, is thoroughly searched, and if secession dispatches were to be found upon him he would be hung by the longshoremen, unless the police arrived in time to save the guilty one."

The lynching scenes that daily occur on the sea-beach about the lower part of the city are plainly well known in England. We can only wish that, if this writer's statement were true, he might speedily "arrive at this port" with "secession dispatches."

Emulating the example of one ROGER A. PRYOR, who, we believe, is still at large, our complete letter-writer now sets himself to uttering impertinent falsehoods about the other sex. The fine old English custom of abusing the defenceless is one of the Briton's dearest birth-rights:

"None of the pirates will be hung while Mr. LINCOLN is in power. He is too timid. He has two or three worthless brothers-in-law with the JEFF DAVIS crowd, and he is afraid they will be hung if the pirates are strung up. JEFF has got the whip in his hand, and while a petticoat rules in Washington, there will be no hanging. . . . Yesterday, a judge of one of our city courts was made a brigadier general by the President. He went to Washington as a colonel of a volunteer drill regiment. He has never seen a parade. He called his camp "MARY" after Mrs. LINCOLN, is a pretty good-looking fellow, toted her about Washington for a week, and is made a brigadier general for it. It is to be hoped that his own troops, if they know their true interest, will shoot him in the first skirmish—if he gets near his brigade."

Could anything be more elegant and refined, either in matter or in manner? Mark the artful introduction of the word "toted," to give an American air to the style.

And here is another neat little lie:

"Both Houses of Congress adjourned on the 6th inst., at twelve o'clock. The last act of the House is to send a committee to wait on the President to ask him if he has anything more for them to do. If the committee does not get back, the clock is stopped at ten minutes to twelve, and there remains two or three hours, until all business is finished, and then it is started again, and at twelve, the Speaker declares the house adjourned."

Fortunately, nobody will ever believe such puerile stuff. It would be a libel upon the common sense of humanity to expect it.

A glance into the future reveals a very gorgeous and magnificent vista to the mendacious muff of the *Standard:*

"After our rebels are whipped out and slavery abolished in our own States, Cuba will be annexed inside of six months, and slavery, as well as the slave trade, will be abolished in that latitude."

Truly, a very attractive little programme, and one that reminds us faintly of the *Herald's* proposition to annex Canada, whip England and France, capture Spain, conquer Russia, Prussia, and Ireland, buy Austria and Italy and build a bridge over to Hoboken.

It is a generally accepted theory that nothing is made in vain. We are inclined to receive it, but at the same time we must confess that it is very difficult to imagine what the uses of some created beings may be; and chiefest among these unexplained nuisances stand the Southern Rebellion, the bed-bug, and the New York Correspondent.

THE REBUEL VOLUNTIER.

A SAD DITTY.

AIR:—"*Ths Female Smugulier.*"

I.

Dressed as a soldier, JONES did go,
In soldier's clothes from top to toe,
With a sword and musket by his side,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
His traitorous country's pride!

II.

"Now, what do you want?" said a Yankee wight;
"For my native State, I'm going to fight!"
He drawed a pistuel, and missed his man,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
'Twas thus the fight began.

III.

"O, DAVIS, DAVIS! hold my head!
Into sacred soil have me buri-ed;
Let twelve bold Rebuels my body bear,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
Who's had a mighty scare!"

IV.

"We're done gone busted, scared and broke!"
And as these cru-iel words he spoke,
He laid him down and perishued,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
Like a Rebuel Voluntier,
He died, and now he's dead!

A Tupper on the Times.

The London *Times* says:

"Cotton will flow fast enough to England as soon as the tide once sets in the right direction."

Very true, O *Times*! but your little difficulty at present is to get the "tide" to "set." Even if you accomplish this, it occurs to us that, as the "tide" will thereby become a Setter, it won't run along with Bull-dog England for any length of time.

Seriously, *Times*, your remark is quite as TUPPERIAN as this one, which we have invented for you as a dreadful example: "A man will have no difficulty in arranging his money matters when he is once enabled to get all the money he wants."

Sentiment; by a White-Feather Orator.

"Some go in for the Union, One and Inseparable; but all I want is a Piece!"

The Vegetable cherished by "Stern Parients."

The Cant-elope.

A LITTLE KIND BUT KEENE CRITICISM.

On the evening of Tuesday, September 23d, LAURA KEENE re-opened her flower-box of a theatre to an enthusiastic public. A single sun will open the flowers of ordinary gardens—it took Seven Sons to open this flower. There are many ways of opening things. Claret is opened with a corkscrew—champagne with nippers—oysters with a knife—railroads by a celebration including all these means and objects—and the Fulton Street Meetings by 8 verses of the 1156th Hymn. But none of these methods of opening, we venture to say, are as painful as "The Seven Sons."

Do you tell us that it is a fine spectacle? So it is—and with the Seven Sisters, makes a pair of them—rose-colored at that. But LAURA should set too high a value on herself to think that she needs to be looked at through rose-colored spectacles. Moreover that name will not save the piece from damnation for terrible stupidity.

WORDSWORTH once met a precociously obstinate little girl who insisted on there being seven in her family, in the face of the census, and the number of plates laid for dinner—but this unfavorite child of English poetry was only theoretically disagreeable. She might say "we are seven," as much as she liked, but she could not *make it so*. We are sorry that our admirable LAURA can verify in fact what the bills assert on principle. If the charming woman stood alone on the stage and made a septenary assertion mathematically incorrect, we could look at her beautiful face, and hear her winsome voice, with a full consciousness that we were receiving value for the disbursement which procured our orchestra seat.

But she will not do that. She insists upon producing the Seven. She will tell the truth—though it is so far from that kind which shames the devil, as to be highly gratifying to that gentleman, unless he has lost his appetite for the suffering of mankind through wretched jokes.

One legacy of the Seven Sisters is left over to their miserable brethren, which would swamp those bad young men as inevitably as the drawing of the elephant prize in BENJAMIN WOOD'S Delaware Scheme, were their manners not already so dissipated as to make the Tombs imminent to them at any rate. We refer to that horrible vein of maundering, dough-face, pseudo-patriotism which is protracted from the seven decayed gentlewomen of last season, into the fraternal sept of the present. Even hack politicians have stopped talking "nigger." The word "abolitionist" is banished from the more refined pot-houses of the Sixth Ward. The only organ which continued to grind the melancholy dirge known as "Our wronged Southern Brethren," was several days ago laid up in ordinary, beside a damaged trumpet whereon the grinder on occasion blew fraternal flourishes. To quote from his classical valedictory, it will not be taken down again until a corrupt government shall cease to strike the instrument of labor from the hand of industry," till "sleeping Lazarus shall come forth," let us hope sweeter than when he entered the tomb of party politics.

O LAURA! Is it becoming that your fair hands should take down from its shelf of kind oblivion that broken-winded sackbut of party cant; that your sweet voice should revive the dying strain of maudlin disloyalty; that you, so goddess-like, standing erect, should stoop to the feet of rebels trampling on the sepulchre of the fathers, or sit on the shackling, rotten posted fence of dough-face compromise? The fence is not a graceful pedestal for anybody in these days, LAURA—it is almost prostrate—its boards begged or stolen from a dozen knocked-to-pieces platforms are more and more tumbling into powder and splinters with every day—they have let down many an unfortunate middle-man upon the hard pavement of that new favorite Southern Summer resort which has superseded the New York Hotel, Fort Lafayette. Still these unfortunates do not look as badly on the fence as you, O our LAURA! We call you ours, because we love you—because we are proud when you do your best—and we wish to rescue you and your fairy grotto of a theatre from the doom of politicians and parties who will not acknowledge the day in which they live.

We have seen you, LAURA, in most of your brilliant *roles*. We remember your witching Lady TEAZLE—almost fascinating enough to make a man get old and marry a young wife, for the sake of being as happily miserable as Sir PETER the Petulant. We have kissed the hands of all your delicious French Marchionesses—we have longed to pluck a ravishing pin-feather from your ætherial sprites, "and dying mention it within our wills"—yea, we have fallen twice in love with you of a single night, first as mother, then as daughter, in "Ogarita, the Wild Flower of Mexico."

Why, sweet LAURA, may not this be again? Why parade your black goose, sentimentally cackling effete Southern maudlinisms, when you yourself might be the whitest of white swans, swimming on our applause among the brilliant lights of high comedy?

Let the past be the past, O LAURA! Arrest that blâtant "nigger"—let the "abolitionist" forget himself and never remember where he left it. "Old things have past away—behold," (Oh would we could behold it at 624 Broadway!) "all things have become new." Rescue that bright reputation of yours—that fairy grot, your theatre, from the style and the fate of corrupt parties, poor circuses, and bogus "nigger minstrels." All that might have done once—but the nation has made up its mind to a different thing from dough-face-ism—a little article known as *war*. Let us not, sweet LAURA, have to say of you

"Sumter is past—Hatteras is ended—and *she* is not saved!"

FAST AND PAY.

A THANKSGIVING-DAY HYMN.

To-day, September twenty-six,
Let folks to church repair,
And great with small their voices mix
Combined in thankful prayer;

Calling upon kind Providence
Dread war to pacify.
Aquaria, Sea Lion immense,
And Happy Family.

Let all, with unremitting zeal,
For their past sins atone.
A Living Shark, a Living Seal,
A Mammoth Bear, SAMSON.

Nor cease to pray that with our foes
Again we may not miss it.
The Monster Snakes, the Albinoes,
And likewise the "What is It?"

But, above all, fail not to strike
Deep in the Book of JOB,
Who saith we "cannot see his like
Aught elsewhere on the globe:"

Referring clearly, I'll be bound,
Unto the mighty Behem-
Oth which so mildly swims around
The tank at my Museum.

P. T. B.

There it is Again!

An old and respectable metropolitan daily has done thus:

"ANOTHER NONDESCRIPT.—The Champion from California, brought a being which writes with *he*, *she*, or its mouth."

It is a question whether the nondescript being is as great a curiosity as the old and respectable Metropolitan Daily's nondescript grammar. If the being really writes with "he mouth" it is probable that it reads with "she ears," and talks with him nose—which altogether is quite marvelous and beautiful.

A Uniform Matter.

Is it any indication, we wonder, of the backwardness of recruiting just now that so many of the officers of our city regiments have Got the Blouse? (Five years under water.)

LOVE'S NEW LIGHT.

I.

TALK not about the gone romance
Of pale moon, evening star,
Soft beams upon the brook that dance,
And PHŒBUS with his car:
Those vaunted lights of olden time
Down to mere sparks have dwindled,
Since Chemistry from humble lime,
The Calcium has kindled.
Then come to me, thy hand unite
With mine, my blue-eyed flower;

We'll wander by the Calcium Light,
At fifty cents an hour!

II.

No more beseech I thee, my love,
To meet me, when the Moon
Her pale disk shows the trees above—
I am not such a spoon.
All moons the Calcium doth outvie;
Within its beams we'll stray—
Or, should its brightness hurt thine eye,
Beyond its watchful ray!
Then come, thy timid hand entrust
To mine, my blue-eyed flower;
The Calcium Light to love is just
At fifty cents an hour!

THIS IS COOL.

The New York *Times* of the 25th inst. contained the following. It is cool. Some people might call it icy, but at all events it is far too cool for "the mild September:"

"THE LONDON TIMES AND ITS AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.—Later letters from the London *Times* correspondent at Washington, *reprinted elsewhere in this paper*, will be found to contain various items of information not currently known in this country. Mr. RUSSELL has enjoyed unusual facilities for observing what the Government is doing for the defence of Washington. He has no means of knowing the movements of the rebels. *The consequence is that his reports contain details of the utmost value to the latter;* details which at the present moment, they have very imperfect means of obtaining through any less circuitous channel."

Few rebels see the London *Times*. Then why "reprint" Mr. RUSSEL'S "letters elsewhere?" If the details he sends to the London *Times* are of the utmost value to the rebels why does the New York *Times*, a journal which the rebels will be pretty sure to see, reprint them? For the rebels manage to receive the New York dailies in some inexplicable manner. We are curious to know how the *Times* can answer these pointed questions, which, in our opinion, are crushers. As Mr. A. WARD might observe, "konsistency is a gewel," but consistency and certain New York journals had a very serious falling out several moons ago.

"A Precious Jewel in his Head."

Among the arrests lately made in Kentucky, we notice that of a "prominent rebel representative" bearing the bland name of SILVERTOOTH. We at once despatched a special artist to draw his tooth, which must be a curiosity, as it is stated to be sound upon everything but "goose."

"I LOVES TO SUFFER."

Mr. JAS. A. MCMASTERS, the editor of the *Freeman's Appeal*, who was arrested on the 18th ult. for treason and consigned to Fort Lafayette, seems to be a most extraordinary creature. When the myrmidons of the law dropped in upon him, JAMES, who was peacefully occupied with paste-pot and scissors, became suddenly wild and uncontrollable and insisted that he was a desperado of the most ferocious character. Nothing would satisfy JAMES but handcuffs. The officers did not wish to visit him with that indignity. But JAMES warned them of bloody work if they did not. He requested to be held lest he might in a moment of blind fury send some subaltern of Justice to an untimely grave. He longed to be loaded with chains and cast into the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat—ha! ha! Most men would have preferred to meet the ignominious fate of the traitor in as quiet and unostentatious a manner as possible. But not so with JAMES. "He pleaded," says the reporter, "for the privilego of promenading down Broadway, in the centre of a hollow square, composed of the four deputy-marshals, in order that he might display his gyves to the best advantage." Also, "on his way through Park Row, observing a friend on the side walk, he halloed to him and thrusting his shackled hands through the window, exclaimed, 'There, that is SEWARD'S work!'"

As Mr. MCMASTERS is so bent upon making a demnition martyr of himself, VANITY FAIR is good-natured enough to hope that he will succeed. To that end we are even willing to give him a suggestion or two. What does Mr. MCMASTERS say, for instance, to giving a public entertainment at the Academy of Music with himself as the principal performer? He might appear with real manacles, dragging a chain and ball at his heels, and recite to the tender-hearted public his griefs. To illustrate the horrors of the LINCOLN despotism he could be gagged during the intermissions and led about by one of Marshal MURRAY'S deputies, the audience being permitted to feel his chains, as they do Prestidigitateur HERRMANN'S hats, cards and things, in order to convince themselves that there is "no deception." The trick would not be so clever a one, perhaps, as those of M. HERRMANN, but so long as MCMASTERS was satisfied no one would object. What we want is to satisfy MCMASTERS.

On pleasant days MAC—excuse the familiarity, incarcerated editor—would not, we are sure, be denied the joy of riding down Broadway, chained and gagged as aforesaid, on the top of an advertising wagon like those of BARNUM and the concert saloons. To give the thing a zest he might induce some of the hell-hounds of the Administration to perform the act of burning the letter T into his naked shoulder. The seared and swollen flesh would have a very fine effect indeed, and MAC would plunge straight through pools of tears into the hearts of the sympathetic spectators.

The Central Park, too, on Saturday afternoons, would afford an extensive field for the exhibition of this traitorous editor's peculiar spirit. Nothing would be easier than to get up a little tableau, on the raft built for the musicians, illustrative of MAC'S arrest—MAC himself as the central figure, loaded down with all the hardware customary in the case of the doomed felon, and with his pantaloons rolled up to the knee in order to show his tear-inspiring legs. A banner flying at the fore, while the raft was engaged in walking the water like a thing of life, inscribed with the words:

"THIS IS SEWARD'S WORK!"

would serve as a synopsis to the show as well as steel the hearts of the lookers-on against that tyranny which had caused it.

If Mr. MCMASTERS will but adopt some of the means we have suggested we are sure he will get all the sympathy he deserves.

Snobbles.

Mr. SNOBBLES of Pennsylvania generally but of no particular place particularly, is now an inmate of Fort Lafayette. SNOBBLES achieved his present eminent position by preaching treason in New England. SNOBBLES has been on the Rampage for some time past, doing considerable mischief in his small way. As we remarked before, he is now in Fort Lafayette, but it isn't so bad for him after all. This is the first steady situation SNOBBLES ever held.

News from the Fleet.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE is reported to be "making tracks" down southward, from Kentucky, at a pace not to be accomplished even by runaway CLAIBORNE JACKSON, hitherto considered the fleetest of the fleet.